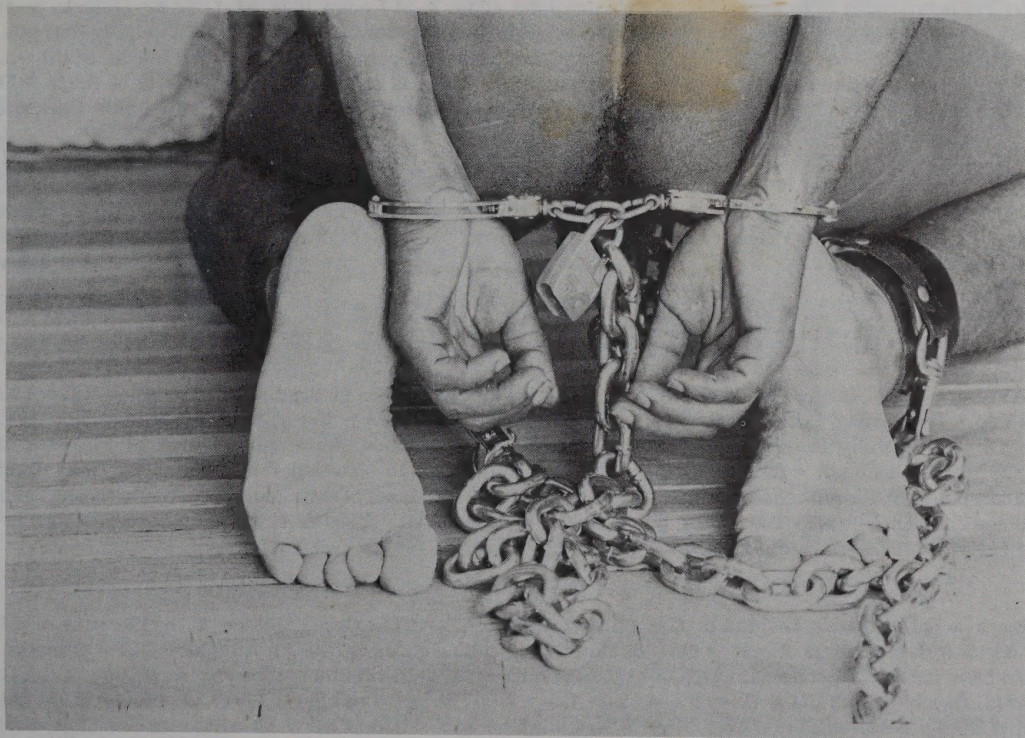


BUT VOXX



BONDAGE • NOW & THEN

SLANDER WITH CANDOR OF A BIT'N APPLE

Word has it that certain People should B paying attention 2 **Queen Latifa's** traaxx **U•N•I•T•Y**. Or should we say Groups of People. Take **GMAD** [GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DECENT]....pleaZZZ. Better known N some circles as **GMADNESS**, it's Hard 2 believe that All of the Tales of Political Tomfoolery & Excess Beauracratc Maneuvering aren't true, considering that Process Queens seems 2 rule the day, giving People assignments & then not letting them do the Work & Whatnot. Or take the Case of A prominent HIV/AIDS organization which is being taken 2 Somebody's Court because 1 of the Health Supervisors had A SiSSy FiT & Wrote A Psuedo•Threatin' letter 2 A Former EmployEE who got another Job & Left with Proper Notice!

Funkiest of All is How the Head of 1 of [C]rooklyn's Better known • But not • As • well • Attended • As • they • Used • 2 • B party organizations [U•Something or Other] continues 2 Betray the Black gay community. With A long standin' reputation as A Scheming • Selfish • Greedy Manipulative Backstabbin' Bestectacled Charlatan who invariably Cheats his partners, rumors continue 2 circulate that the Little Tackily • Dressed Bastard reached new lows by Stealing A couple of Thou\$\$\$ and from A person he recently threw A very Succe\$\$ful party with & Is trying 2 take FULL credit 4 the party's Succe\$\$.

Both Parties Publicly argued right up until the very hour of the affair & at 1 point it' is Said that the Unlucky partner almost called off the Partnership 5 minutes B4 the party started. But the show went on & was A roaring Succe\$\$... 4 EveryonE BuT the Unlucky. It's now Unclear what the Cheated partner is going 2 do about the situation, but it would seem A word of Caution is due 2 the organization U•Something or Other is scheduled 2 host A party 4 next. A little hint • It could get A liTTLE HoT N Secaucus New Jersey N February during the BGLLF Conference if this Cocksucker Continues His Pattern.

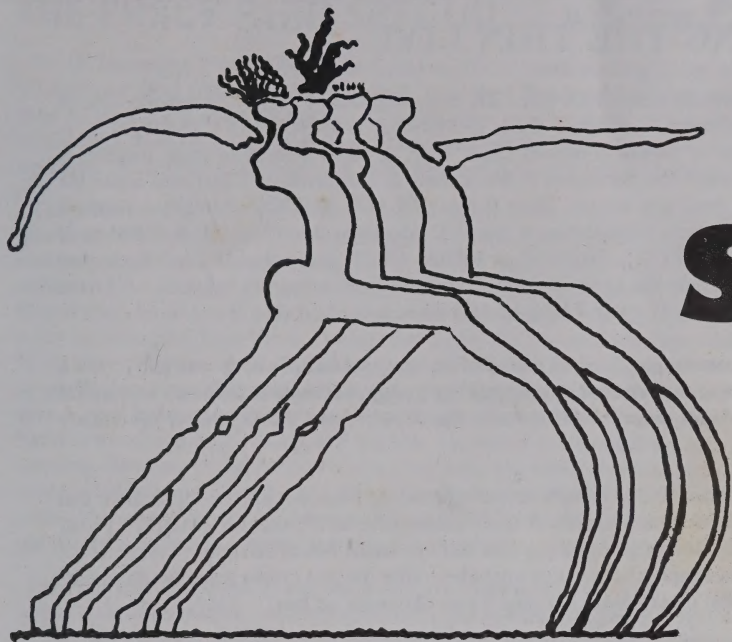
Finally, is it True that someone N The Chocolate City is looking 2 Launch their own Publication & is becomin' quite Chummy with all of the other Black Gay Pubs NA NaKeD effort 2 keep his Friends Close & his Potential Enemies Closer, makin' Junkets all over the country not unlike A Diplomat? You might Very Well think that, But I couldn't poSSible coMMent.....Asta
Richard Payne

LITTLE BIT OF WIT • PIECES & FECES

Good lookin' out 4 with A Latin Flava • **VIVA ARTS QUARTERLY**. Fronted by the LA based Lesbian & Gay Latino Artist • **VIVA!** • Their latest Succulent Seduction [Sexy & Spirituall] issue has Erotic Angelic Undulation • Mestizo Mysticism & A Sinfully Sublime Centerfold 2 Sate your Desire N the Highest form of Pleasure. Dial 1•213•953•1970... Across town • **APT's Treatment Update & Information Newsletter** has the latest faxx on HIV treatment & celluloids of Glory Seekers • **Midnite Ramblers & Fortune Hounds** of their gatherin' 4 the volunteers. Study The Griot [Page 7] & Dial 1•213•964•7820.... On A MuZiK tip, check UK based & US distributed **STRAIGHT NO CHASER • JAZZ EXPRESS & DRUM**.

Solidarity 2 • D.C.'s **Black Lesbian & Gay Pride Day** & L.A.'s **At The Beach** Possees 4 the Pleasure of **BUTI VOXX** 2 Kick off their Annual Ritual • Fete & Down Low campaign durin' the 7th Annual **BGLLF** gatherin' @ SeCaucasian New Jersey. The Nieces & Nephews R advised 2 save your Pentras • Ducats & Pennies 4 the Gala Extravaganzas. Check their **FIERCE** [Page 3 & 6] **LOGOS** & Dial/Write 4 the Full 411 CuZ' U Would Want 2B at Both Events & Be Featured...Trust Me. Kind Thoughts 2 • Soul Sistha Cheryl • Garry • Missy Carmichael • Streetsounds • Roba One Caterin' • Cola Boy & 2U The Pilgrams • Thanxx 4 The Pleasant Interaction & May Positivity Prevail.
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RIDING THE THIN LINE

How Should I discuss A subject that still seems **2BA** taboo **2A** large segment of society. A practice that is viewed as nothin' less than Disgustin' & Abnormal. I'm talkin' about **BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE** [B&D, b/d]. A subject that has **4** the most part, been ignored or spoken N hushed tones. Why, & when there **R** so many players, is this topic avoided & hidden; where only A select few participate N this activity & conversation. I had been under the assumption that **B&D** was **4** the white boys, but I was wrong. There **R** many **BLACK BUCKS** who have A need **2B** controlled. Yeah, brothas, U have **2** admit that there **R** more than A few of U who enjoy the **FEEL OF A FIRM** hand grazin' your **ASS**. **2** feel the sting of a **BELT**, **BRUSH**, **PADDLE** or **RIDIN' CROP** that makes U plead **4** mo; that makes U thank your **DADDY/MASTER 4** the pain that U desire most. It surprised me, cause it is happenin' & I have **LEAPT N2** the game with both feet & hands that **R** ready **2** beat an **ASS** when it needs it.

Why is this happenin' N the Black community. I talked with **1** of my slaves **4** an answer & was told <It's a freeing feeling, knowin' that someone is gonna take control & maintain my limits; that there is someone who would understand my desire **2B** used in any way & not judge me for the acts that **R** performed **2** bring Me & My Master pleasure.>

I have **2** admit, when I was **1st** introduced **2** this twist N sexual expression, I was put off, by the thought that A brotha would have me **BIND** him N leather & beat him with A thick leather belt, as if I was his **DADDY**. I tried **2** meet his desires, but after **5** good swats, I couldn't go on. I left him tied up, hands bound securely N between his ankles with his **ASS** up N the air **4** the next assailant [whoever that might be]. Why did this brotha want this from me? Was there somethin' about my personality that others could see, that I was not aware of [yet]?

I found that I was steppin **N2** the world of **B&D** without realizin' it. My **2nd** occurrence was as unexpected as the **1st**. Walkin' late **1** nite cruised by a white man, I avoided his gaze. He slowed his car **2** meet my pace, pushin' himself **N2** my space. I allowed it & took him back **2** my **LAIR**. Once inside, he was made **2** strip & kneel **B4** me, openin' my pants slowly & kissin' my crotch, while disrobin' me. He washed my **dick & balls** with his tongue. If the full tongue was not used **2** get all sides & crevices of my crotch, or if the pubes were pulled by his teeth, if my **dick & balls** didn't get the kisses they deserved, he would receive A flat palm across his face -- full front & then back hand. He crawled on his belly **2** kiss & suck my feet, then sneekin' A lick up my **ASS** [without permission], **4** which he received the heel of my foot up his **ASS**. He wanted somethin' **2** take home, so I allowed him to **SUCK** my **DICK** to carry my **HOT CUM** home N his **GUT**. A couple of days later, I was told A man came by [fittin' the character] lookin' **4** me. So, he wanted more, but left no name or phone number. **2** had, cuz we could have done it again.

This behavior progressed with my **1st** **LOVER**. We experienced A highly sexual interaction & he would give his body **2** me totally, but had no control over his reactions of ecstasy. I was slapped, scratched, kneed N the chin & prodded with his foot for harder thrusts **2** his willin' **brown eye**. I needed **2** take control, so I could enjoy the moment & **2** feel the beauty of what I was doin' **2** him/through him/**4** him, without being battered at the same time. I begin tyin' his wrists down, the ropes were tied so he could control the depth with which they would cut **N2** his skin. The more he twisted/yanked/jerked the ropes, the more they were gonna leave visible marks of his captivity. When it was **2** much **4** him, I would release him from his bonds. He showed his gratification with A soothin' tongue bath from head **2** toe & some great **ASS**.

At the time, I had not considered the arena I stepped **N2**. I had thought of it as protectin' myself from unnecessary roughness & I was also tappin' **N2** my own creativity. This was A different Form of Art, that changed with each occurrence. The spontaneity of the responses, the new life that seemed **2B** brought **N2** view, the demands we put on each other & our bodies, this was truly Art at its highest form of pleasure. We were both artists. I had the brushes/rope/hands & his defined body was my Canvas, as we created & transformed **N2** Livin **ARt**. All of this came **2** an unexpected end, at the request of the Canvas **2** include the **deep red of blood & anger**. This occurred on A few occasions, with hotter & mo' passionate love **2** follow. But, the costs were mountin' at the Hospital & my Personality. Something was happenin **2** me, that I didn't like & I had **2** stop. We went our separate ways.

I can't complain about the way things have been goin' on N my life, I drew these people **2** me. It now seems obvious what they saw N me. I'm just happy that there have been brothas who would cater **2** my needs & make sure that their desires were met, which brings me **2** my next partner. . .

[2B CONTINUED]

THE EARLY BIRD SPECIAL - A Saga Continues

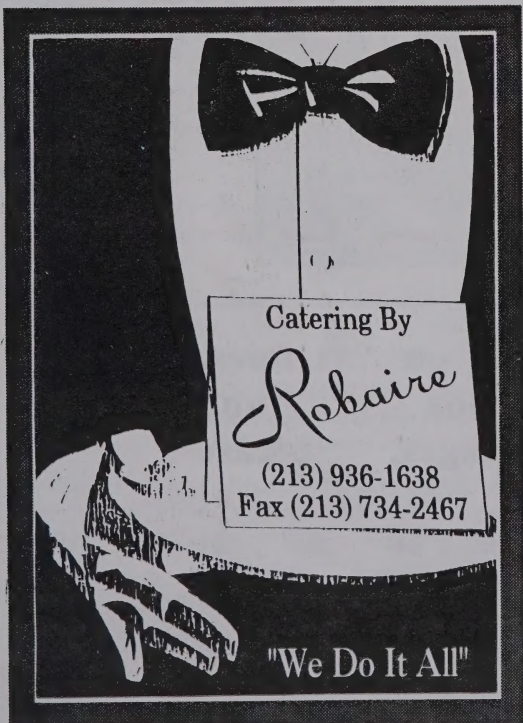
So late last night I was relaxed As usual on D.C.'s bunk waiting 4 him & Smokey 2 get out of the shower, Thinking & Visualizing the 2 DICKS in my Mouth & how they R going 2 Feel & Taste. Playing with my nipple, watching the boob tube & listening 2 some Oldies but Goodies slow jams on Smokey's walkman. We had figured out A plan that would allow me 2 have SEX with Both Men. I checked out the Both of them N the shower previously 2 make sure I didn't come up short. That's right, making sure they both had A mouth full & because I Don't Do Curtain Calls.

They came back from the shower & D.C. got it 2gether real quick & jumped N2 the sack. We both watched TV 4A quick minute trying 2 get A romantic feel. As the correctional officers were 2 busy doing nothing. The plan was 2 have Smokey watch out while I ate up D.C. By that time, I felt uneasy because I wanted 2 stick both Heads N my Mouth simultaneously & I watched D.C. get hot & watch him nibble on Smokey's Chocolate Dong. It was 10:30 PM & I was GROPING Homey's Soft Bird, feeling very nervous, with thoughts roaming my mind of getting caught & catching 6 more months, plus Hole time. I proceeded 2 give D.C. some Slow Face while 2 admire the East Coast Flavoring he served N his over all appearance. D.C. Laid flat on his Back & Legs gapped wide Open. The boxers were down past the Knees & my Fingers were Caressing his Droopy Ball Sac & Hairy Manhole. His Cheeks were Relaxed & Rod Rock Hard. It was A nice Average size & A very Pretty brown Penis. While I was giving him some face & pulling on his titties, D.C.'s hand went down & Grabbed my Crotch. He asked if I wanted 2 screw him. I nodded & smiled while Sucking & Looking him dead N his Hazel Brown eyes, enjoying every moment of making him feel that way. He told me 2 promise that I wouldn't hurt him. I did a Finger check, but after getting A Whiff of the Aroma, I decided 2 pass on this generous offer. I hurried & tossed up 2 fingers N2 his tight cave & felt the inner walls tighten up & then Came that Nut. Wham! I got the juice, which I carefully spit out, But save some 2 greet Smokey's Big Power Tool.

I went 2 the next bunk & started Singin' on Smokey's mic with D.C.'s nut N my mouth. I hit Smokey's mic like A tornado. Even though I was feeling bored, I had started something & had 2 finish. The Stiffness along with the Thickness of Smokey's 8" gave me that extra boost of energy. It's funny now because as I started mawing on Smokey's bird with the Salty Fluid, he started to Squirm & moan & then had the nerve 2 get Loud with the Groans. I had 2 stop A couple times 2 tell him 2 stop making so much noise, which was very inconvient with D.C.'s juice slipping out the side of my mouth & trying not 2 let A drop ooze out. The Irish Spring scent on his body led 2 cravings 2 toss that BIG ROUND BUBBLE ASS right up - ooooh! Before I could attempt 2 taste the grip of the insides of that Butter Ball, I enjoyed the taste of Smokey's flowing salt water. <Damn, that was quick!> I thought. I spat N2 A napkin & lit up A Smoke within Seconds & Switched my ASS toward my bunk on the other Side of the Dorm.

[2B Continued]

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RPT's TREATMENT GRIOT [GREE•OTT]

Brothuh BLAINE: I don't know what 2 do. Recently, I went 2A local **LA BATH HOUSE** durin' my lunch break. As usual, it was **PACKED**. I walked around, headed downstairs & saw this **WELL ENDOWED** Brothuh Boning another Brothuh. I mean **BON-ING**. As I watched, the **Well Endowed** Brothuh swings the other Brothuh around so I could **C** his face.

The Brothuh gettin' **Boned** is my best friend's **Lover** of 3 years! Let me also add, I'm **A** friend with the Brothuh gettin' **Drilled**. He **C's** me & I study Him. Later, I head upstairs 2 the pool & Boyfriend finds Me & begs Me not 2 tell his **Lover**. So I unwillingly agree 2 ignore the whole matter.

However before I leave, I **C** the **Well Hung** Brothuh who **Pumped** Boyfriend (Without a **CONDOM**) & I recognize him from the **HIV** clinic that We go 2. Is that **FUCKED** up or what? I am really stressed out & what should I do? Perhaps U can shed some light on the matter. Sincerely Stressed Out

Dear Stressed: U know what... N A different era, I would have said <stay out of other people's business> however, people's lives R bein' put N danger due 2 the virus. The Brothuh from the clinic could get Re•infected with **HIV** or another **STD** [sexually transmitted disease]. Your friend at the **TUBS** could have been **INFECTED** & took it home 2 his **LOVER**, your best friend. And Trust & Believe, if your **{SO-RO}** aka {Sorority Brothuh} gets infected, it will come out that U knew the **CRUST** all along. Tell me I'm wrong!

What should U do? I think N your best Heart of Hearts, U know what U should do. U just asked me 2 shed some light. So here's A possible solution. I would readdress the issue with boyfriend from the **BATH HOUSE** & tell him about the brothuh from the clinic & he should tell his **PARTNER** what happened & they should **BOTH** get Tested 4 the **HIV** virus.

I'd also Tell him that I was going 2 Tell his **LOVER** [not about the specific event] that he needs 2 get Tested. Then Tell your **So-Ro** that U R not N A position 2 give him the particulars, but that it would behoove him 2 get Tested. This puts the responsibility on Boyfriend from the **MEAT RACK**.

Ultimately, U have 2 do what U think is right & make A choice that U feel that U can live with. My solution could get U & your **MOMMA** shot N the head. But my question is - - What is the local **BATH HOUSE** in Lala Doin' packed Durin' lunch time?

WORD UP: WANT THE LATEST TREATMENT UPDATE 4 HIV? DIAL 1 • 800 • 9 • TREAT • HIV

The AIDS Prevention Team's Griot is a Q&A column designed 2 help brothuhs & sisthuhs with their problems around physical / mental & spiritual healin' 4 **HIV & AIDS**. Send the Q's 2 The AIDS Prevention Team % **BLAINE TEAMER** 1219 So. La Brea Avenue • Los Angeles, CA 90019 or dial 213 • 964•7820 regardin' such services as Safer-sex workshops / Treatment Advocacy / Medical Referrals / Town Meetings / Aerobic & Yoga classes & much mo' info.

AFRICAN PROVERB: He who upsets A thing should know how 2 rearrange it • **SIERRA LEONE**

.....

TO TEST OR NOT TO TEST

The AIDS pandemic, considered N its earliest stages as [The Gay Plague] but now belatedly affecting all groups, has been with us 4 more than 10 years. Sadly during this time & hitherto there has been no cure: only palliative care & treatment.

Statistic have shown that worldwide, the victim's onslaught within the gay community has fallen due 2 reformed & 'safe' sexual practices. Conversely, the complacency on the part of heterosexuals has been shattered by an increase N their victims' rates. Either way, there is no room 4 rejoicing.

My contention here is that while there is no cure, many people will **B N A** dilemma as 2 the pros & cons of having the **HIV** test. My personal views is that it proves nothing & if anything, can inject A sense of false security on the part of those testing negative & fear & dread on those testing positive.

Whether 1 is gay or straight, positive or otherwise, safe & survivalist sex should be practiced. Furthermore, there R drawbacks as 2 the wisdom of being tested, because N many cases no degree of pre-testing counseling can allay the fear & anxiety of awaiting A positive result. Numerous people **C** it as A death warrant & are inclined 2B suicidal,

In short, if U don't know your status & feel well - don't test but, be safe. Equally, if U R tested either positive or negative don't panic or feel <I'm O.K.>. because many people can sero-convert i.e. go from positive 2 negative & vice versa. In the meantime, have A Long Life & Be Careful.

Jeffrey McDonald • Sealy
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Who IS Missy Carmichael

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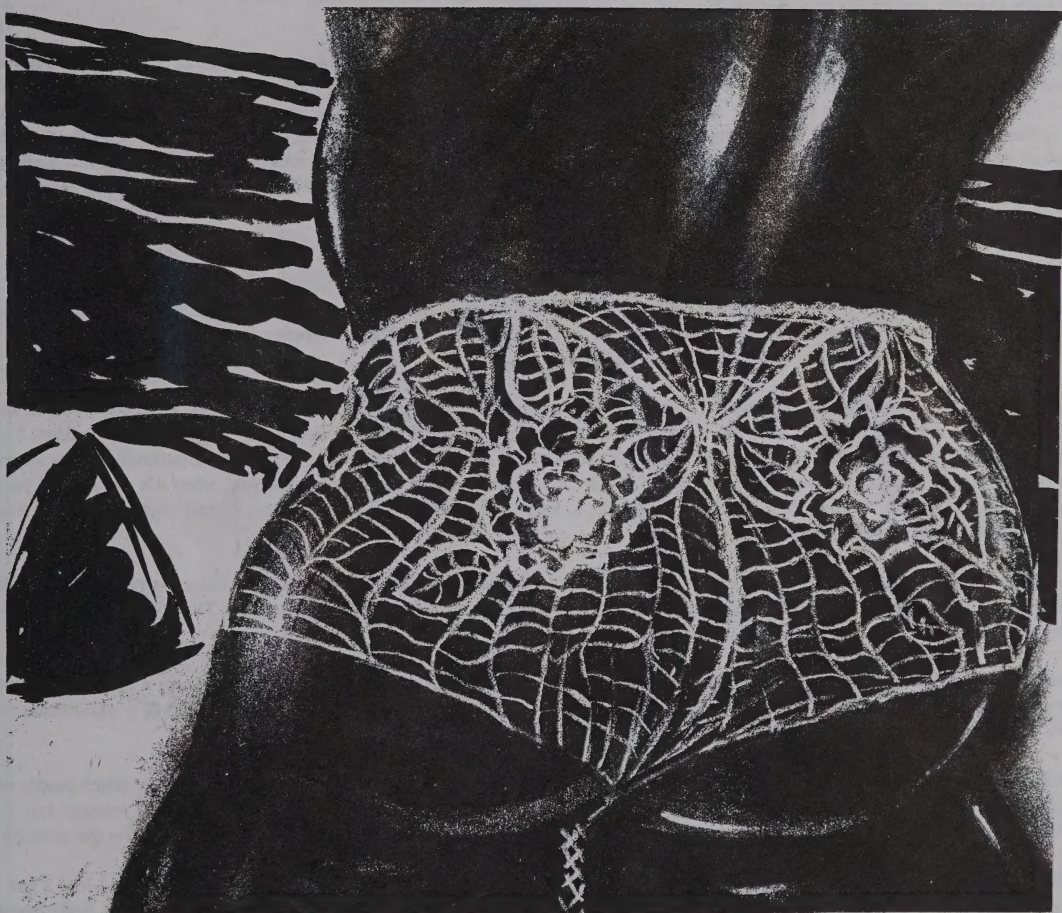
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SUMMER '94 ♦ AT THE BEACH

C H O C O L A T E F A N N I E

Welcome 2 the land of smotherin' grooves & cool vibes, songs written by **SAMI MCKINNEY** [Avid One Productions] a determined talent who, some years ago was curlin' hair and beatin' face, conceived the idea to start publishing music. Inspired by his partners, he tells it like this <I figured if my friends could do it, so could I and probably do it better.> Several years later, that ism' became A reality. Sami's 1st successful tune was <Just Because> by **Anita Baker**. Today he has poured devotion N2 his career, winning the admiration of plenty of mocha divas, earning fortune and fame, receiving gold & platinum status for his creations of polished contemporary soul.

From the sountraxx <Do The Right Thing> to Patti's screamin stomper <All Right>, Sami has also written material for **Stephanie Mills** **Nancy Wilson** **Lisa Fisher** **Kathy Sledge** **The Pointer Sisters** & a pet project for **Lisa Taylor**, on which he co-wrote all the tunes. This smoothie operator's latest work includes his real inspirational Queens **Patti LaBelle's** [GEMS], **Lalah Hathaway's** [A Moment] & **Lisa Fischer** **Anita Baker** **Songbird Denetria Champ** on Epic. While fulfilling his musical ambitions he can still whip hair, do make-overs & jot down some lyrics for A doll, all in the same setting. Nooww that's taking care of business. . . . A small gatherin is over Sami's villa 4 southern chow & 2 play Scatagories while listening to his latest creations. **JaBooM**

LET'S UNTANGLE SOME FACTS 4 THE NIECES & NEPHEWS:

JABOOM: What has been your highlight or the pleasure of your career? **SAMI:** I remember a funny thing. 1 time **Patti [LaBelle]** called my house in the middle of the night & had to have her hair done. I didn't have a car, so I told **Patti** she would have to ask **Melvin**, a personal friend. I hooked up a 3-way & his roommate answered the phone. **Patti** asked for **Mel** & the female friend asked who she was. **Patti** said <This is **Patti LaBelle**> & the girl hung up the phone in her face. **Patti** then said <Call her back! Ms. Thing this---is---Patti LaBelle, now may I speak to **Mel** please?> By this time **Mel** was awake & asked <Who is it?> The girl denies. <She says she is **Patti LaBelle**>, **Mel** says <Give me that phone, who is this?> <If this is **Patti LaBelle**, sing something.> **Patti** hit one of those high notes & **Mel** screamed and hurried up & put on his clothes 2 pick me up--to hang out with **Patti**. Things like that went on constantly in the eighties, just fun things that I will always remember --Good Times.

How do U start your own production company? There are ways, if you have some sort of clout in the industry, enough to sign other artists or writers. U can then get them work through your company. U can sign an artist, nurture & groom them. Another way is to nurture and groom & take him/her 2 a record company & secure a deal 4 that artist through your production company. So in essence, the production company has the deal with the label and the artist with the production company.

Give us some clues on breaking N2 the industry - in relationship 2 publishing music & getting copyrights, etc. I have people who do that for me. ASCAP is A company that publishes music. A&R Executives **R** responsible 4 finding songs 4 labels & they really do listen 2 everything that comes in. If they don't, they have people who listen 2 all submissions. So, if U have that awesome song, U just never know where it might lead. U have 2 get out there on the scene & get 2 know people. It's so much easier going N2 A meeting when it's someone U partied with. A lot of times U go into A meeting & it seems so desperate & icky. But when U know the person, U can go in and say <Yea, what's happenin'> and conduct business on A first name basis.

When A song is played on radio, does the writer & singer earn a profit from that airplay? When a record is played on the radio, U do earn money for performances. U also earn a profit when someone buys the record & when it's heard on TV. You don't earn a profit when it is sung in a concert.

Share with us the what-not-to-do's for someone trying to break into the industry? Don't bug people & make a nuisance of yourself. It's the worse way 2 make an impression on someone. Always keep your confidence and don't be mealy mouthed & pitiful because that's not attractive & nobody likes it.

What's in and who do U think has played out? Reality is back in. For so long, fantasy and superficiality were in. Black people as a whole are diving into their heritage with the Afrocentric tip happenin' now. I see the younger own <style> at A much younger age, that whole Motherhood vibe. Being A Christian & being yourself is also in. And in music --playing instruments & singers are on the acoustic tip too.

As 4 played out -- that's so Mean! There **R** people who may **B** past their time & don't have the appeal they used 2 have. I hate 2 use <played out> because actually I thought **Whitney** had fizzled down & when my friends suggested that I do some writing for **The Bodyguard** I wasn't inspired at first. Look at her Now! So U really can't count anybody out.

What makes Sami Get-Off & what would be your fantasy? 2BA legend in my own time! Just being alive & healthy, enjoying my life & doing what I want to do, being with people I love. Life now is such a commodity, especially since there are so many people I would like to share things with who are not there anymore. Just being here & talking 2U today gets me off. Talking 2 God & being happy & successful gets me off. And **AGAPE** [A church in Santa Monica], the home of my spirituality, is all that.

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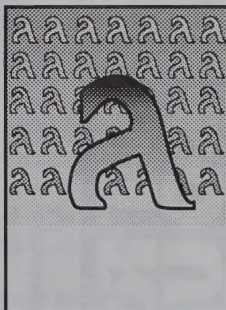
WOMYN'S PROGRAMMING:

Lesbian Battering Series, Lesbian Cancer Support Group, Co-gender Retreat

•••••

MEN'S PROGRAMMING:

Black Gay Men's Retreat & Co-gender Retreat



For more information contact:

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She Thanxx All the Nieces & Nephews [Children] 4 supportin' her

B4 Performing 2 DAT with 2 Skinny Ass **Toothpick** Gutter Go•Go Girls
Her Latest Club Cocktails • [How Long] • [Joy] • [Show Me] & the Bump & Grinder
{One Woman's Insanity} written by Boy George & Title Traxx of the CD.

<<It's Sooo Good 2B Free & Out The Closet>> Yelled our Honeysuckle Pussycat

As The Pilgrims Rocked Bannekar Field with Purist Joy!

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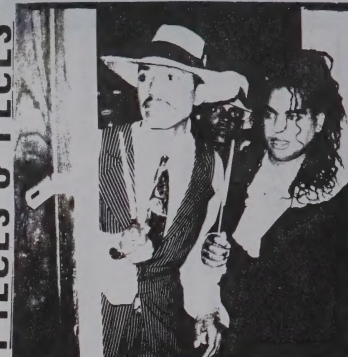
Hope you have been stimulated by the works U have studied. Direct all correspondence 2

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WHO UNLEASHED THE CLOSET!

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<Let Me Finish My Make•up >

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SLANDOR WITH CANDOR • After Digestin' & Indulgin' in L.A.'s At The Beach [ATB] Salacious Sixth Annual Fete' & many other Fun • Sizzlin' & Slezzy Affairs, check out next Sunday [July 10th] Gentlemen Concerned [GC] 9th Annual Ritzy Fund Raiser. It Will include A guest list of **Glory Seekers • Fortune Hounds & Midnite Ramblers** who **R** expected **2B** Featured & Served A Full Course of **Southern Exposure** with A token few of **Pale Royals** who have enough **Chocolate** N them **4A** Hershey Bar. The theme calls **4** 'Caribbean' but the Attire of Corporate • Casual & Cash if U want **2B** invited. Dial 818.505.9726.... Days later, [July 16] the **APT** [Aids Prevention Team] will host A downlow titled **PLAYSHOPS** • Hot • Horny & Healthy: A Closer Encounter of The Safer Sex **4** the Brothas. Those of U who **R** Hot and Horny & Most importantly, want **2** learn how **2** Explore your Erotic Fantasies & **2** Get the Most out of Love • Makin' Should Check out this event. **4** more faxx contact the **APT** office @ 213.964.7820 & Speak with **Joel Dykes** [Yes, that's his real name].

4 the Sistas • **APT** will host On • Going Gatherins called **Womyn Love 2** which includes Erotic Reading Rooms • No Cost Movie Nites • Pot Lucks • Rovin' Dinner Parties • Lingerie & Sexy Slumber Nights Out. There will also be Safer Sex & HIV Prevention videos produced by & about & **4** African • American womyn. Dial the center for more details. Finally, **APT** are seeking Volunteers **2** participate N providing Outreach & Education **2** prevent the spread of the **HIV** virus N the African • American community. Get busy..Get involve Call The Aids Prevention Team 2day!!

Check out the latest L.A. **BGL** [Black Gay & Lesbian] Stronghold **2** hit the streets • **The African American Gay & Lesbian Studies Center, Inc.** The national organization is A resource **4** Collectin' • Cataloguin' • Chartin' • Studyin' & Disseminatin' data on the History • Cultures & Socioeconomic Health Status of Gays • Lesbians • Bisexuals of African decent. The center will also function as A Think Tank & conduct studies that will examine how various programs, policies & social or environmental conditions affect the well • being of African • Americans in the States.

Recently, **AAGLSC** hosted **2** Educational & Cultural events **2** commemorate the **25th** anniversary of Stonewall in The Big Apple & Sissy Frisco that Focused on the African American perspective of Stonewall. The series included panel discussions from speakers who orally chronicle our community. Upcomin' events are bein' scheduled as U study **BUTI VOXX** & For more Information contact **Troy Fernandez** • Project Coordinator or **Gil Gerald** • President @ 213.954.1420.



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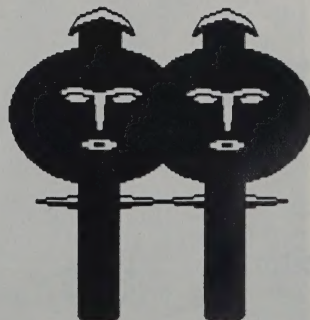


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Black Lesbian & Gay Centre

BM Box 4390, London WC1N 3XX

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WHO SAY 'DAT • She took **A** seat at the End of the Sofa & recall saying "What are you doing?" as He Approached her on the sofa & Lowered his Trousers & Underwear Exposing his Erect Penis & told her 2 "**Kiss IT**". She remembered that there were very **Distinguishin'** Characteristics in His **Genital** area that were Very Obvious. Name The Persons Involved:

- A. Anita Hill & Clarence Thomas
- B. Desiree Washington & Mike Tyson
- C. Paula Corbin Jones & William Jefferson Clinton
- D. Vanilla Cream & Wacko Jacko
- E. Something U Said Last Night

Diana Ross fans continue **2B** Disappointed with their **Miss Loss Hitless Diva**, when she opened the World Cup Soccer Tourney in Chicago. The **Queen of Weave** was suppose 2 **KicK** the Ball N2 the net & release the 24 Balloons representing the countries involved. The Ball Went Wide right & **Diane** chuckled & commented <<I guess I'm Not Every Woman.>> She then Scratched her Snap on Snap off Weave & Said <<Oh I forgot, That's **Chaka**'s line...>>

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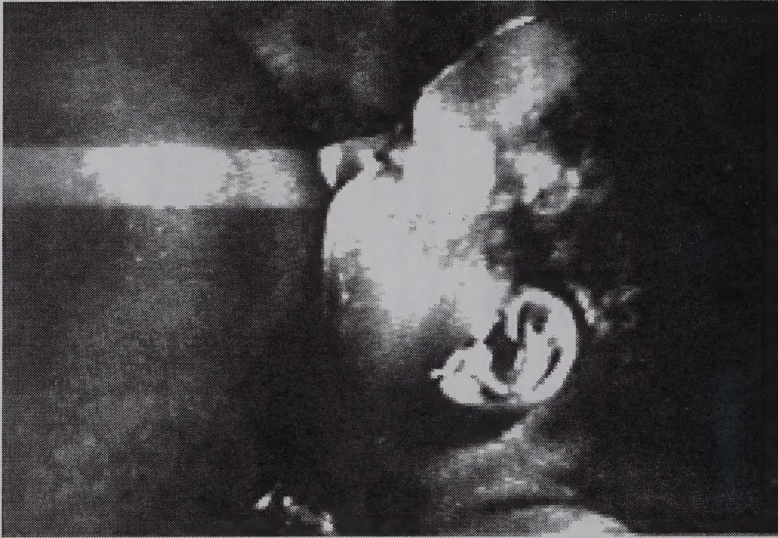
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soul kiss

Wet, sweat, sweet and sour; you grip my tongue like a finger. A bouquet of musk envelopes me. You are open, and I savor your flavor. Moist, matted, angel hair; I nibble at the navel of your soul. A welcoming gap of throbbing funk embraces my tongue, and I pause to taste your heart-beat. Tart, taut, knotted entrance; you relax and I crack open a meal. I soul kiss your ass until you shiver, and dribble unspoken appreciation. - J. 1994

KITTIE LITTER

The Silver & Black Invitation requested Evening' Attire & Subtly Hinted at Attitude & the Brotha's did not Disappoint on Either count Ass They came 2 Gether 4 Preston Smith's 25th B-day Cocktail Party under the Stars.

Dressed 2 the hilt, the Peacockers of BG (Black Gay) L.A. Showed up • Showed off & Sho' nuff Partied of what was Truly A Piss•Elegant Evening on Rollin' Hills, which proved 2B A problem 4A Certain 'zine Editor who, with 1•2 • many Under His Belt, was becoming Increasingly Unsteady. Good thing He had A Cute Young Boy 2 keep Him on His feet. I'm sure He got Him on His Back Later...

There was plenty of Booze, plenty of Cake & 2 Little Food Although the Children servin' hors D'oeuvres were Eager & Friendly if not worth Cruising.

Besides, Dignity was the Call of the Night & The Usual Tramps in High Places Pulled out their Summer Whites with Evening' Jackets & Cummerbunds and Did their Deal and Date Making & their Dirt Dishing with Great Diplomacy and Discretion. Ahhh, The Sight of Hand is A Beautiful Thing.

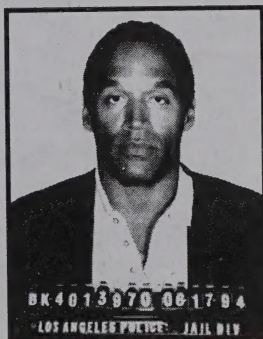
APT (Aids Prevention Team) • Unity Fellowship • SBC • Gentlemen Concerned • BMX • ATB (At The Beach) • BLK • • BGLLF (Black Gay Lesbian Leadership Forum) • MAP • & Several other L.A. • Based BG Strongholds (Or is that Strangleholds) were well represented by Their Owners • Directors & Managers. Oh, There Were A Few Lower Emissaries There Too.

Cluth My Pearls

CHeCK ONE:

☐ Innocent

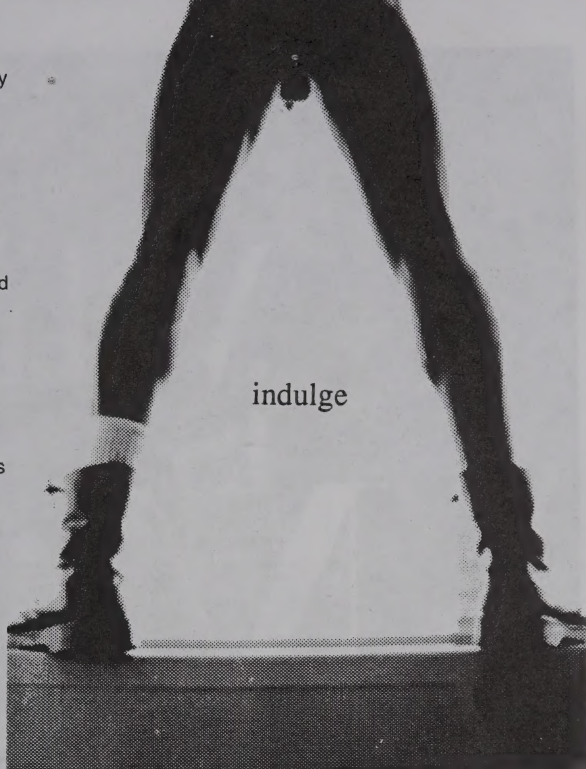
☐ Guilty



Maybe he did it. But maybe he didn't. No matter how much Oprah, CNN, News at 11 and A Current Affair you watch, no matter how much Time and Newsweek and National Enquirer you read, you DON'T know ALL the facts. Remember: innocent until proven guilty, NOT the other way around. So next time you get ready to pass judgement

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BUTI VOXX

DADDY'S MEMORIES

He was a pretty boy. **Soft, smooth skin** pulled tautly across a **tightly muscled frame**. He had an ass that **begged for mercy** and gave redemption to any who could make it there. His dark hair was full, long and unkempt and kept falling into his eyes, which were brown, and into his **moist, pouty lips** that were like **two wet slices of sweet melon**. He was the kind of boy who said "No", but desperately meant "Yes".

I knew from the moment I saw him that I would have him, but none could truly possess him, for he was a wanderer and never stayed in one place long enough to be settled. **Movement was his gift** and to watch his lithe young body glide across the floor on **beautifully proportioned legs** with just a hint of downy hair upon them; and to see that chest ripple with the movement of his arms; and especially to note how the little buds of flesh around his pointy, **black nipples** glow with perspiration; it was enough to make a man loose his soul

However enjoyable was his other attributes, it was the boy's ass that drove me to distraction and was my **waking dream** and my one desire. I became the son of Satan just to have a moment with that boy's ass. My soul is forever damned but the memory of the **smell, the feel, the taste**, the sound and the sight of that boy swinging on my **big fuckin' dick** will soothe my tortured flesh for all eternity.

One morning, while running near the lake, I came across a group of boys. They looked magnificent in their youthfulness. **Agile, nimble, quick and responsive**. Like young wild animals ready for their first hunt with their elder brethren. Since it was late June, they were just easing into a last season of freedom before college, work and adult responsibilities would wash away the **boyishness** and replace it with the **steel of manhood**. They were eager to prove themselves in the world, but they were also **apprehensive**, since these were sheltered boys kept safe from life's vicissitudes.



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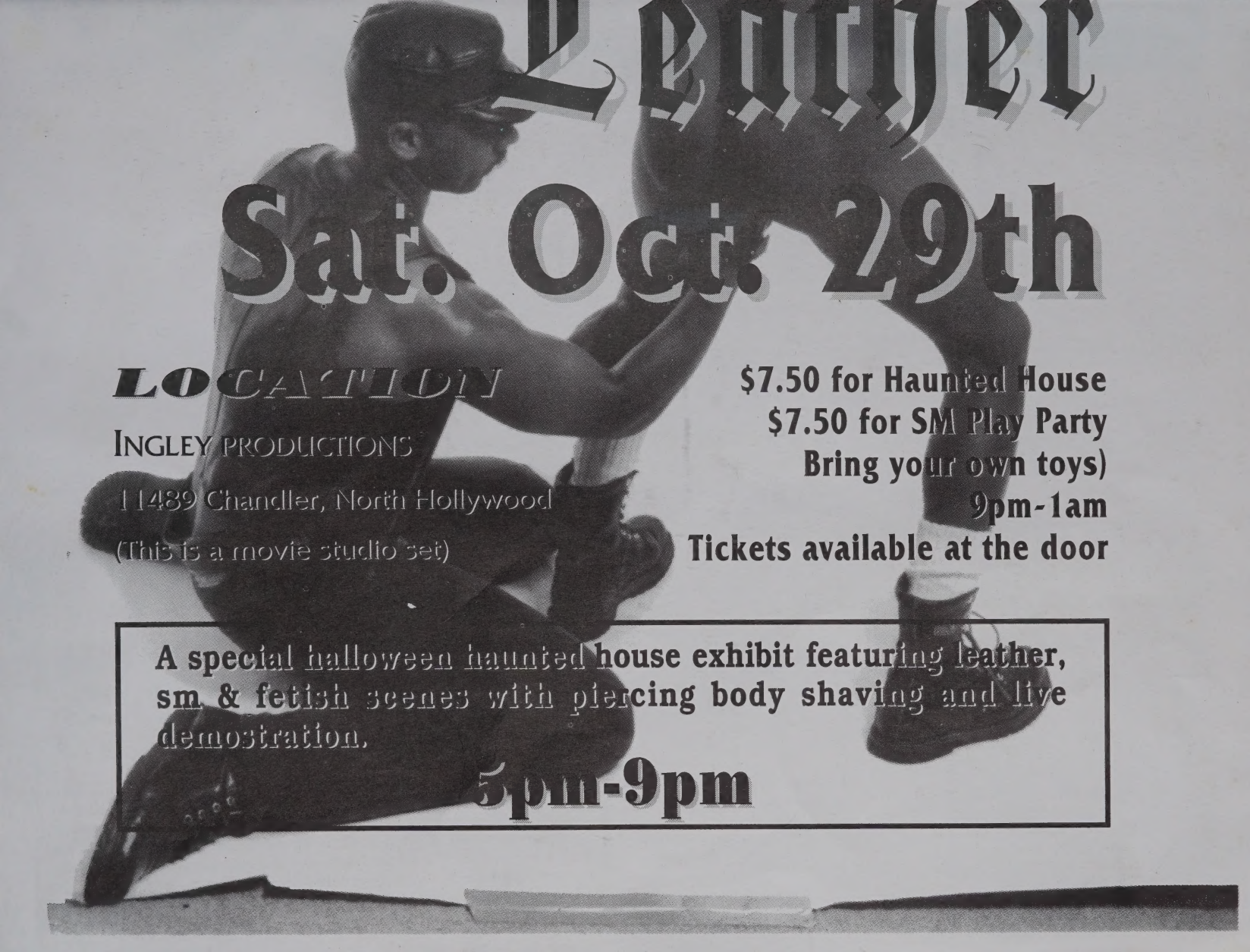
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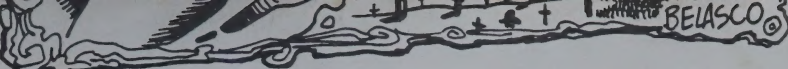
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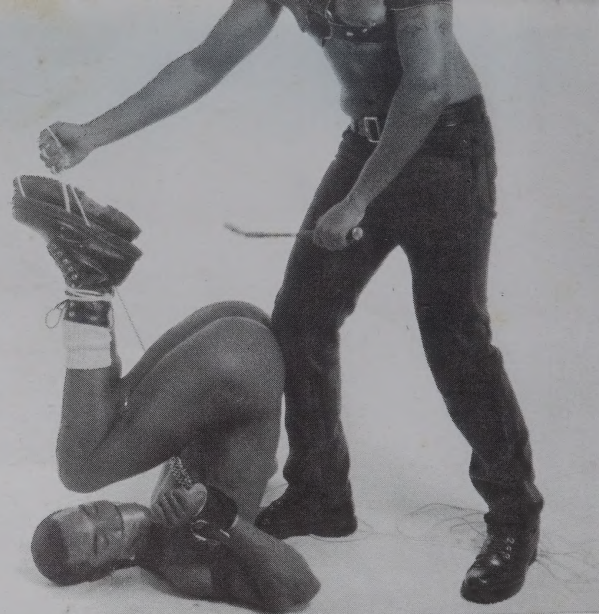
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They ran like gazelles just out of my reach. I felt very much like the cunning beast chasing its prey on the open savannah. Then I saw the boy. His firm peach of an ass straining against the gauze-like fabric of his shorts. Wet from his sweat, the shorts rode higher and higher on his naked cheeks. I was mesmerized by the glimpse of thick black hair curling around his crack and spreading all over his sinewy cafe au lait-colored butt. I made my pact with the Devil the very instant his tight running shorts disappeared into the crack of his ass and exposed those full round mounds totally.

The game is called pursuit. The object is to give the prey a head start from some distance and then for the hunter to chase after the prey until it is caught. It is a punishing game for the hunter at the beginning, since he must work twice as fast to close the distance to the prey. But over time, if the hunter is really good, his dogged persistence runs the prey to ground and the dynamics of the game change as the prey tries desperately to avoid being caught. In the end, if the hunter is really good, the prey simply runs out of energy, having exhausted his muscles, his lungs and his will to flee. Heaving and gasping for air, the prey just falls to the ground and begs for mercy. The boy was gasping at the wall of an abandoned outhouse slowly falling to his knees when I calmly jogged up to him and gently ran my fingers through his dripping wet mane of hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

PHOTO • TRI TRAN

WRITER • ORGIN

ButtVoxx

July 4, 1995 • Hangin' At The Beach



equivalent of an AK-47. The sound we made must have been heard clear to Heaven and Hell, because all I can remember is how black the sky got and how the air was filled with a swirling cacophony of millions of birds, bats and insects taking flight.

I left the Bull sleeping soundly beside a small stream. To this day, I will always carry with me the memory of the day I milked him dry.

WRITER

ORIGIN • 91724



What the fuck are you thinking?
Are are thinking when you fuck?
Use your head and use a condom.
Supreme Design



THE WHOLE TIME, HE WOULD NEVER LET ME TOUCH MY LOVE JUICER 'TIL HE FINALLY PUT ME IN THE DOGGIE POSITION. USUALLY I DON'T GET IN THAT POSITION FOR ANYBODY FOR ANY REASON, BUT FOR HIM IT WAS A PURE PLEASURE • He was A very good boy. He took everything his master gave him and he never complained. I kissed his face & then stood over him. As my piss washed over his body, he writhed in the hot yellow stream and covered himself in the dirt and mud. I pissed for what seemed a long time and when I was finished, my boy raised himself up & LICKED the last droplets of my PISS from the slit of my COCK. I tenderly held his head in my hands as I slowly SHOVED my COCK down his THROAT. He SUCKED me until I came all over his face. I lifted him up & LICKED his face clean of my thick & creamy cum, my piss & mud. WE stood there, wrapped in each other's arms as the heat of the sun warmed our bodies and seared the memory of all that had happened forever into our souls

Reading your narration about offering yourself to construction workers gave me two things. A pounding erection, and enough anger to interrupt my day's schedule to write this return.

The need for masculine intervention is clear to me.

*Nothing would please me more than to drag you naked into that area you are so fond of wandering, handcuff you to a concrete-encrusted wheelbarrow, and beat your ass until you were so hot you could come without touching your cock, but too tired to do I don't know what gives a **it** group of disinterested and slave-in-training like you the undeserving workers. This audacity to think he has the fantasy indulgence is in-right to 'offer' himself to a excusable. Are State Troopers*

next?

YOUR ARROGANCE SURPASSES YOUR NEED TO BE ENSLAVED.

YOU, SHITHEAD ARE GOING TO RE THINK YOUR SEARCH FOR A MASTER IN THE QUIET OF YOUR ROOM DURING A LONG PERIOD OF ABSTENANCE FROM MASTURBATION.

Kermit Berg

The views expressed herein are not those of the creators. Direct all Correspondents Contribution • Illustration • Photographs & Subscription \$10.00 = 4 issues: **PLAYGROUND & RHYTHM** Boite Postale 36741 Los Angeles, CA 90036 • 0741 • USA • \$special thannxs to Davita Flotie, who is now movin' to Philadelphia & not Atlanta, may Yo journey be a safe one & Ring the Liberty Bell You Beautiful Black Bitch! Love BUTI UOO • **ISSUE 24 • July 01, 1995**

THE BUTI VOXX CREATORS
CONCEPT: JOSEPH BENSON • STUDIO CITY, CA
LAYOUT: GREGORY VICTORIANNE • ROXBURY, MA

YO MARK DURHAM! YOU'RE 1 BAD ASS ARTIST STAY STRONG & MAY THE LORD BLESS YOU ALWAYS.

MILKING THE BULL • FUTURE ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF A DADDY THE CHAPTER CONTINUES (PART III)

NOTHING makes my **DICK** harder than the thought of getting up to the elbow in a really **HOT ASSHOLE**. The Bull's asshole had that aquished-up, pinched, sucked-in look that only virgin asses have, that have never had as much as a finger in them, let alone a cock or a man's hand. The Bull's asshole was clenched so tight that it looked like a smooth button in the middle of his ass crack. This was going to be heavenly and my jock strap was soaked with the pre-cum oozing out of my rock hard cock. Because my prick is pierced, trying to keep it restrained in that jock strap was really uncomfortable, so I just let my dick swing in the heat and glare of the sun. The warmth radiating off my stiff member and the sight of the Bull's asshole was too much for me so I shot a thick load all over the Bull's legs and thighs. The heat of the sun made my stainless steel frenum piercing burn the delicate flesh of my cock. The hotter the steel got, the harder my dick got and the more pre-cum dripped from my piss slit.

Using some of my pre-cum, I started to feel up the Bull's asshole. I used a little spit and just keep massaging his crack. The heat of the day, which must have been over 100 degrees in the shade • of which there was none, made the plastic bottle of lube soft and pliable. I could feel the warmth of the liquid inside, what had been gel was by now as fluid as oil. I squirt a liberal amount of the hot lube all over the Bull's ass. It must have burned him a little, because he moaned and tried to buck out of the way of the stream. The lub sure was hot, so I can imagine how it seared the delicate flanks of the Bull's freshly skinned ass. With firm circular movements of my thumb and fingers, the Bull's little asshole began to slowly give itself up to me. The little button of a hole started to look more and more like a nice chocolate donut, all slick and covered with dark icing and just a small pin-prick of a hole in the center. I worked up quite a sweat massaging the Bull's hole, but after awhile I was able to get my little finger inside of him.



At first the Bull's sphincter felt like it would just snap my little finger off at the knuckle. But with more circular motion, his asshole began to warm up to my invading presence. His hole was on fire the whole time, the warmth of his guts was hotter than the air around us. I was mesmerized by the sight of that blacker-than-black asshole tightly gripping my brown sugar colored finger. I worked the Bull some more and was able to get two fingers in his butt. He began to moan softly then. Slowly, patiently, I kept up a firm, pressure along the edges and rim of his asshole. Pushing and pulling, stretching and kneading, rhythmically timing each thrust of my fingers to coincide with his deep, labored breathing. As the Bull inhaled, I pushed aggressively against his asshole with now three fingers. When the Bull exhaled, I pushed my now four fingers counterclockwise out of his asshole. Inhale, I pushed five fingers into the Bull's ass. Exhale, I pulled my palm out of his ass. Inhale, and I was up to my wrist in the Bull. Exhale, and my fist churned against the inside of his hole, leaving only my fingertips to grip at the rim of his ass.

Between the Bull's dripping cock and my own wet willie, we had enough lube for an army of virgin assholes. With each breath the Bull took, my hand and forearm penetrated deeper inside of him. Soon, I was resting comfortably up to the middle of my forearm deep in the fiery confines of a most splendid black ass. The deep purple-black skin, slick with sweat, pre-cum, lube and slime oozing from the Bull's ass was so captivating against my lighter wet skin. Small movements of my arm and fist made the Bull groan and moan and bellow like a real bull in heat during mating season. His eyes were squeezed shut, the blood on his face had stopped flowing and the cuts on his rib cage and body had clotted. The Bull's breathing came much slower now and each inhale and exhale took forever. Together the Bull and I danced our ritualized mating, with slow deep thrusts of my arm giving way to excruciatingly agonized withdrawals resulting in guttural sounds from the Bull that were no longer human, but which had long ago metamorphosed into the cry of bestial carnality.

The sun was low on the horizon and the sky was red like blood, the heat was slowly dissipating and the air grew thick with the buzz of insects. The pace of our dance grew more frenzied as the thrust and withdrawals of my arm from deep inside the Bull got faster and faster. Through it all, the Bull's foot-long cock unflaggingly stood at attention nestled against his chest, pointing downward into his still swollen face. The lather around the gag in his mouth resembled that of a rabid animal, all frothy and foamy. My own cock made a solid slick of oily pre-cum from the Bull's haunches clear down to the restraining bar under the small of his back. My head was reeling as if my brain and that of the senseless beast under me were connected through my arm. I saw a bleak landscape of broken houses and shattered people. I saw a vision of a small black boy standing over the lifeless body of a once-pretty woman, mutilated by repeated blows from some blunt object, resting in an endless pool of blood. I realized that the beast beneath me had come from such a place and that this might have explained the brutality and violence with which it faced the world. I understood then that the Bull was as much a victim as victimizer.

And in that instant of realization, a powerful wave of warmth sizzled under my skin, like a shot of electric current, making hairs stand up on my arm. The wave started uncontrollable convulsions in my muscles and the convulsions were transmitted to the Bull's welcoming **ASSHOLE** until, eventually the Bull and I were connected as one in wave after wave of spasms coursed between and through our bodies. I felt the rectal muscles of the Bull churn around my fist and arm, trying to eject them from their deep-seated place inside him. The Bull's whole body strained upward pushing toward the darkening sky, every muscle was working, the chains that bound him creaked against the

A MOUTHFUL OF MISTER JAKE : EPISODE ONE • WITH MR. SEPIA THROBBER

"I'll do anything I have to, to get this job," I said. Mister Jake stared at me long and hard. The competition for this job was stiff: there were 10 other applicants waiting in the hall and their resumes were probably packed with as many lies as my own. Mister Jake leaned forward in his chair and laced his thick brown fingers together on the polished walnut desk. He was a classy man, I could see that. His shoulders were so broad, he probably had to have his suits made to order. His face tapered to an assertive boxy chin and his luscious brown eyes were fixed on me from under a bushy brow. He stared coolly and indecently but it didn't matter: I wanted the job and he knew I would beg for it. He pulled off his blue suit jacket, revealing a white shirt that could barely contain his **big chest and thick, thick arms**.

I must have **gulped audibly** then, because he said to me in a stern voice, "You'll be doing alot of **gulped** if you want his job. Even more, if you want to keep it." His cool eyes challenged me. "**Crawl** over here right now. **I'm going to fill your mouth full of cum.**" He reached to pick up a crystal sherry decanter on his desk and stared to pour some into a stem-glass. I stood up and moved toward him. His eyes flashed fire. "**I said CRAWL!**" he barked.

I was wearing my best suit but I know what I'd have to do. I got on my hands and knees and began crawling. **My mouth dropped** as he pulled off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. His smooth, **chocolate skin** was stretched tight and shiny over bulging pectorals. He slipped his shoes and trousers off And, as he swung his chair around, I pushed my face between his **black, brawny thighs**. Leaning back, he clasped his hands behind his head and spread his legs wide. He was used to being served. He expected it.

I licked the short black curls inside this thighs, pulling little clumps of hair between my lips, following the trail up to his fat, tightly packed balls. I was licking his sack, **like a hungry dog intoxicated** by his master's manly smell when Mr. Jake reached down and shoved the whole thing into my mouth. I had to stretch my mouth wide and I was **afraid my jaw would lock**, but I knew I wanted that job. And I know Mr. Jake, it was all or nothing. I **looked up and saw his thick, buffed, towering shaft looming upward in a shiny black arc, over my face**.

The head of his cock was swollen the size of juicy plumb and from it hung a single glistening drop of sweetness. I was suddenly hungry. I wanted that promised mouthful of frothy hot cum. As I pulled my face of his ballsac, my tongue led me up his rosy-veined shaft, licking and lapping up his sweat, my lips polishing his smooth hardness.

My tongue led me to the swollen black bulb with the glistening drop. I extended my tongue and took the clear, warm drop onto the tip. I held it there for a minute savoring it, tasting the salty flavor of Mr. Jake.

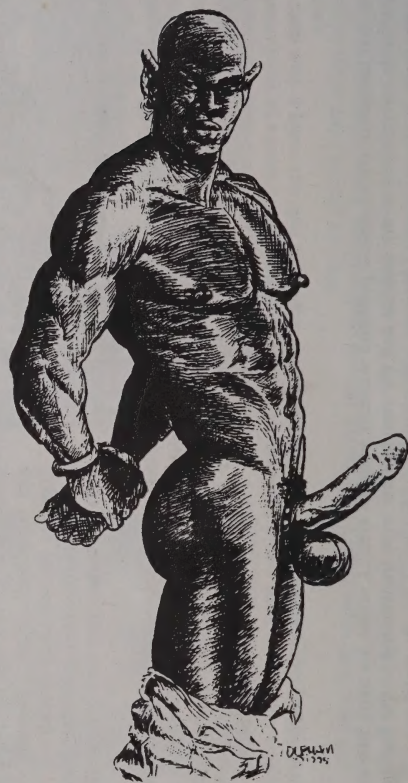
"**SUCK,**" commanded Mr. Jake, and my lips fastened around his thick, throbbing shaft. I plunged my face down on it, gagging on its arrogant length, licking, sucking, determined to show him how more I deserved the job than anyone else. My face was no longer a face: it was a **sucking machine, a hungry sucking hole** that existed merely for the convenience of Mr. Jake and his hulking black chunk. I plunged my face up and down, **slurping and licking the solid hardness**, when my mouth suddenly filled with a blast of hot cum. I stopped a second and looked up., He was sipping a glass of sherry. He looked At me with disdain and said, "**Keep sucking. That's just pre-cum.**" I swallowed fast, **Pre-cum • that was just pre-cum?** But that was already more than a mouthful...

He pushed my face down on his hunk of black muscle, making me gag. I sucked harder. I wanted the prize. But I wanted to please him, too. A strange thing was happening to me. I knew that bringing Mr. Jake pleasure was going to bring Mr. Jake pleasure was going to be something I would look forward to, whenever he would allow me the privilege of **crawling up to his mammoth cock**. I kept my lips tight around him and went up and down.

"Come on!" he growled. "**SUCK!**" He had a look of impatience on his handsome face and so I sucked faster, pushing my face down into his thatch of black curls with each hungry, slobbering slurp.

He pushed his hips into my face and, with a **groan and a curse**, heaved a fistful of pungent, creamy cum into my mouth. I took it down my throat without swallowing. I had to, or my cheeks would have burst. Besides, he expected me to keep **sucking** and he was my boss. I sucked and pawed at flesh and hair and cum. I **wanted every drop of cum** he would allow me the privilege to **suck**. He reach across the desk and pushed a button. In a moment the door opened and a young man in a gray suit appeared. He walked over, stood behind me as I tongued the **saucy white cum** that continued to ooze from his bulb, and said to me, "When can you start?"

With Mister Jake's hard, **muscular chunk in my mouth** I couldn't form the words very well and since there was plenty more tasty nectar to be lapped up, I **wasn't about to take it out of my mouth**. But I think they both understood my garbled words when I responded, "I'm already on the job!"





Bull V oxx



Illustrator • Belasco

Issue • 25

Concept • Spear Nde Gumboe

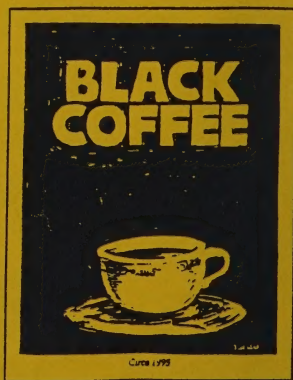
**PLAYGROUND & RHYTHM ANNOUNCE BUTI VOXX WILL
DROP @ ATB'S 8TH ANNUAL SALACIOUS FETE &
LAUNCH SPEAR NDE GUMBOE, A KICK N VIBE CENTER**

Roxbury, Mass • It's official **BUTI VOXX**, the controversial underground 'zine is considering illustrations, photographs, literature, poetry, and monentary contributions for it's 26th Issue • 'Hangin' At The Beach, Again....' in commeration of ATB's [At The Beach] salacious 8th annual fete July 06th in Malibu, California.

<<The issue will be a full lenght visual album of the **BG** erotica experience, deep coast II coast reads and other funki goodies to make your nipples hard and ass moist.>> states publisher Gregory Victorianne. <<Finding a printer in conservative Boston who would be comfortable with **BUTI VOXX** was extremely difficult, but now we're moving forward, totally revamped and completely restructed.>>

BUTI VOXX partically encourage foreign submissions, however, reserve the right to judiciously edit for clarity, brevity and spelling. All submissions must be on floppy disc. Acceptable file formats includes Ms. Word, Word Perfect and Mac Write Files on 3.5 MAC disc. Artwork must be camera ready images and photos must be no larger that 8.5 x 11. Typed manuscripts must be legible and no more than 5 pages. A hard copy with phone / fax / E•mail must accompany the documents. Deadline for all submissions May 15th.

The development of **Spear Nde Gumboe**, will be a Kick N Vibe spot for the brothuhs of Roxbury, Dorchester and Jamaica Plain to drop by, play a game of chess or backgammon while listening to the talking drums. <<Brothas supporting this downlow gig will also view **BG** documentaries, discuss our rich culture and obtain up to date **BG** perodicals of **SBC**, **Venus**, **KICK!** and other throwaways. It will simply be an urban metropolis for the brothas in the hood.>>



The Saturday, March 16th meeting, from 7.00 - 10.00 pm will include a briefing of the '96 agenda and a prepared discussion on 'The Examination of Black Gay Culture in Boston: 1990 to present'. Afterwards and during the Caribbean meal donated by local merchants, the video of {Black Is...Black Ain't...}, by the late Marlon Riggs and rare video clips of Brit's premier band Loose Ends will be shown. Donations at the gathering are encouraged.

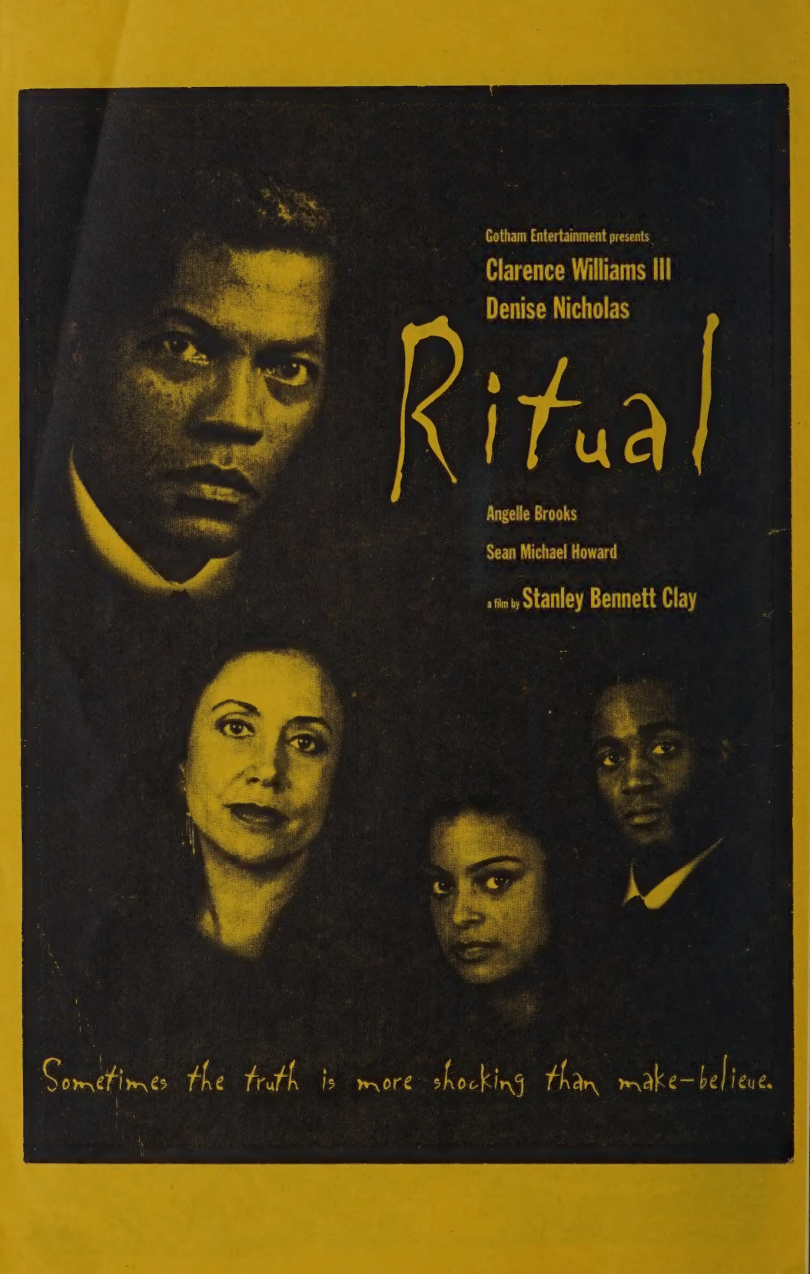
For more information on **SPEAR NDE GUMBOE** and submissions to **BUTI VOXX**, contact Playground & Rhythm • Attn: Gregory Victorianne • 188 Highland Street • 2nd Level • Fort Hill • Roxbury, MA 02119 • Tel: 01.617.427.5690 • E.mail: Gdvvoxx @ aol.com

**WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU THINKING, ARE YOU THINKING WHEN
YOU FUCK • USE YOUR HEAD, USE A CONDOM. A FRIENDLY PUBLIC
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DON'T CALL US • WE'RE CALL YOU**

**Q • WHAT'S HOT BLACK AND TICKLES THE BACK OF YO' THROAT?
FOR ANSWER FLIP PAGE**

**ARE YOU FEELIN' LONELY AT THE CONFERENCE • NO LOVE • NO SEX
OR SIMPLY A BAAAD ASS FUCK? HAVE YOU BEEN SITTIN' IN THE
HOTEL LOBBY NICIN' UP THE BAR, SUCKIN' ON COCKTAILS
RELIVING THERAPY SESSIONS? WELL GO CHECK YO SELF
AND BEAT YO MEAT TO THE FUNKI BEAT**





Gotham Entertainment presents

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Denise Nicholas

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Angelle Brooks

Sean Michael Howard

a film by Stanley Bennett Clay

Sometimes the truth is more shocking than make-believe.